tears in the eyes they loved so well.—Herald and Presbyter.

A SPELLING LESSON.

It was at a private day school for little girls that mother had told the teacher that Grace could spell all such words as "cat" and "dog" and "rat."

Soon after the mother had gone, spelling class was called out.

"Phoebe," said the teacher, "you may spell 'pig,' and then tell us what kind of noise little pigs make."

"P-i-g," spelled Phoebe correctly, "and this is the noise they make: 'Que, que, que, que.'"

"That is excellent," said the teacher. "Now, Rosalin, you may spell 'dog,' and tell me what kind of noise he makes."

"D-o-g, dog," replied Rosalin; "and our doggie says, 'Bow-wow-wow,' and sometimes he growls very ugly when the cat comes around."

"Very good, indeed," the teacher said, "Sallie, you may spell 'cat,' and tell what noise she makes."

"C-a-t, cat," responded Sallie. "She sometimes says 'Mew,' sometimes she purrs; and when the dog bothers her, then she hisses at him."

"Splendid!" exclaimed the teacher. "Now, Grace, you spell 'love.'

"Oh, laughed Grace, "I can spell love!" Then she ran up to the teacher, threw her arms around her neck, and gave her a sweet, resounding kiss. "That is the way I spell 'love' at home," said Grace, demurely, while the teacher and all the little spelling class girls laughed.

"That is a beautiful way to spell 'love.' Do you know of any other?" asked the teacher.

"Why, yes, ma'am," answered Grace, looking around. "I spell 'love' this way, too." Then she picked a raveling from the teacher's dress, brushed a fleck of dust from her sleeve, and put in shape the topsy-turvy books on the platform desk. "I spell 'love' by working for mamma, papa, little brother and everybody when they need me!" she said.

The teacher took the little girl on her lap, and said: "Grace that is the best way of all to spell 'love.' But you can't spell 'love' the way the book says:

"Why, I can!" exclaimed Grace. "l-o-v-e, love."

The teacher hugged her, called her a dear little girl, and then dismissed the class.—Southern Churchman.

WHERE VAN LEFT OFF.

Van is four years old, and very proud of the fact that that he can dress himself—all but the buttons "ahind." For this he backs up to father and gets a bit of help.

One morning Van was in a great hurry to get to some important work (the marshaling of an army, or something of the sort), so he hurried to get into his clothes, and, of course, they bothered him. Things would get upside down, "hind side 'fore," while the way the arms and legs of these same things got mixed was dreadful to contemplate. So it was not a very pleasing face that came to father for the finishing touches.

"There, everything is on now!" shouted Van.

"Why, no, Van," said father soberly; "you haven't put on everything yet."

Van carefully inspected his clothes, from the tips of his small toes up to the broad collar about his neck. He could find nothing wanting.

"You haven't put your smile on yet," said father, with the tiny wrinkles creeping about his eyes. "Put it on, Van, and I'll button it up for you."

And Van began to put it on them and there. After that he always remembered that he couldn't call himself dressed for the day until he had put a sunny face atop of the white collar and the Scotch plaid necktie.—The Sunday-School Advocate.

STILT WALKERS OF LES LANDES.

The children whom we see running about on stilts, and who consider their ability to do so a rare accomplishment, will be surprised to learn that there is a vast district in France where the entire community goes about and transacts its business on stilts. This district is called "Les Landes."

The inhabitants, who are among the poorest peasants in France, gain their subsistence by fishing, by such little agriculture as is possible, and by keeping cows and sheep. The shepherds make use of their stilts for two purposes, first, because walking is quite impossible on account of the sage and undergrowth of brush, and, second, because the height of their stilts gives them a greater range of vision.

The stilts generally are about six or seven feet high. Near the top there is a support for the foot, which has a strong stirrup and strap, and still nearer the top a band of leather fastens the stilt firmly to the leg just below the knee. Some stilts, especially those made for fancy walking and for tricks, are even higher than seven feet, and the man who uses these—and he must be an expert—can travel as fast as ten miles an hour. The lower end of this kind of stilt is capped with a sheep bone to prevent its splitting.

Some of these Landes shepherds are wonderfully clever in the management of their stilts. They run races, step or jump over brooks, clear fences and walls, and are able to keep their balance and equilibrium while stooping to the ground to pick up pebbles or to gather wild flowers. They fall prone upon their faces and assume their perpendicular without an effort, and in a single moment after they have thus prostrated themselves.—Technical World Magazine.

A BUTTERFLY'S "UMBRELLA."

He was only a butterfly, one of those beautiful, large bluish-black ones that we so often see about the garden, but he knew enough to get in out of the wet.

It was during one of the heavy showers that so frequently, in the hot days of mid-summer, come suddenly upon us, driving every one to the nearest cover. To escape the downpour, which meant great injury, if not destruction, to so delicate a creature, he quickly flew to a nearby Balm of Gilead tree, where, alighting on the under side of a large leaf, he clung with wings closely drawn together and hanging straight downward, using the big leaf as an umbrella to shield him from the great drops falling all round. High and dry, here he remaned until the shower had passed, and the blue sky and warm sun called him once again to his favorite haunts.—St. Nicholas.